

# Maybe I Will, Maybe I Won't

The Young Veins

I don't want to find my home  
Just wonder what happened to it  
My hands are cotton stones  
Who stole all my bones?

All my forgotten poems  
Are a joke  
What do I know, baby wood rose  
Doesn't it show?  
People get old when they're alone

Seven days over the seashells  
Sunk so many leagues,  
Will you come visit me?  
Finally finding sleep,  
We'll swim around in dreams,  
Stay afloat

Maybe we will  
Maybe we won't  
Doesn't it show?  
People get old when they're alone

Maybe I will, maybe I won't  
Maybe I will, maybe I won't

The weather is impeccable  
Riding to a festival,  
When suddenly it's grey

Do not be afraid,  
For the wind it doesn't stay  
It blows and goes away  
It blows and blows  
But never shows it's face

Doesn't it show,  
People get old when they're alone  
What do I know?  
Maybe I will, maybe I won't

Maybe I will, maybe I won't (Maybe I will, maybe I won't)  
Maybe I will, maybe I won't (Maybe I will, maybe I won't)  
Maybe I will, maybe I won't